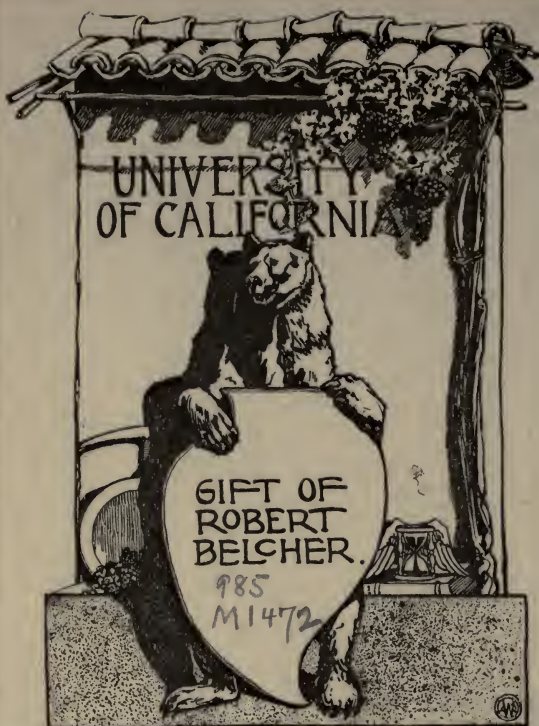


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"JUST CALIFORNIA"
and
SONGS ALONG THE WAY



BY
JOHN S. Mc GROARTY

JUST CALIFORNIA

AND SONGS ALONG THE WAY

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY
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To

ELLIOT PARDEE KISNER

In Memory of Old Battles and Wandering Days
of Dreams

*From Memory's crowded closet-place,
Like faded leaves, sometimes,
I gather these old dreams of mine
And kiss them o'er with rhymes.*

* * * * *

*And though I know the dream recalled
May only bring regret,
It is sweeter to remember
Than it could be to forget.*

JUST CALIFORNIA



JUST CALIFORNIA

[When I come here to California I am not in the West ; I am west of the West. It is just California.—From the speech delivered at Ventura, May 9, 1903, by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.]

'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves,
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of his eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies ;
With the green of woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
And the flash of poppiéd plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old
Sail countless argosies ;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant, new-born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peaks of snow ;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below, the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA

Of old she called with her lips of song,
She called with her breath of musk
From peaks where the sunlight lingered long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the seas with their tides of tang,
To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
With their white sails, to her feet.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
Upon them, about her knees;
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there
Like their old, warm skies of Spain.

With cheeks of olive and eyes of night
They laughed in her glad caress,
And she gave them her Land of the Living Light
For their wandering feet to press.
She gave them her Land of the Sun and Shine,
Where the seas and the deserts part,
And they brought her their gifts of the fig and vine
And wound them around her heart.

Yet, oft in the light of the mellow moons
From the jaspered heavens hung,
'Mid the tinkle of soft Castilian tunes
And bells from the Missions rung,
She dreamed of ~~her~~ bounty brimming o'er
With its largess of field and plain,
And then from the sweep of the sunlit shore
Her fond lips called again.

Again she called, and from far away,
Over desert and mountain keep,
In lands where the wind-swept prairies lay,
And the ice-clasped torrents sleep,
They heard her voice, like a golden chime,
And in dreams they saw her rise
From golden streams in a golden clime
'Neath the blue of faithful skies.

Then forth from the toil of grudging field
And their grinding marts they fled,
While the good ship Argo sailed new keeled
Where the long sea journey led;
And anon through forests and wastes they fared,
Over trackless plain and hill,
And many a blood-stained trail they dared
To the voice that called them still.

They came, and she dowered with spendthrift hands,
The hopes of their wildest dreams,
And she flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams—
Saxon and Teuton and Celt that trod
The paths of her treasured springs,
With shoon of silver their feet she shod
And clothed them in robes of kings.

So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings the voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the skies above,
She is calling, calling still.

"EL CAMINO REAL"

(The King's Highway.)

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.

They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk of old ;
Now the flocks they are scattered and death keeps the fold ;
But you and I together we will take the road today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's Highway.

We will take the road together through the morning's golden glow, . .
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the mellowed long ago ;
We will stop at the Missions where the sleeping padres lay, -
And we'll bend a knee above them for their soul's sake to pray.

We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,
Through the orchards and the meadows with the bird and the bee,
And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,
Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests, and all,
Give us your ghosts for company when night begins to fall ;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road today,
With the breath of God about us on the King's Highway.

IN MONTEREY

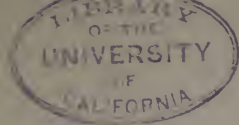
(A Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson.)

When long ago he wandered here,
Heart-hungered, sick and poor,
No roof was bent to shelter him,
No welcome at the door.

In all the streets of Monterey,
With sun and shine aflame,
No word was passed that they might know
The Prince of Dreamers came.

There sped no song to meet him
From lute or lifted lyre,
When here the master singer passed
To seek his Heart's Desire.

No hand was raised to help him,
No lips with cheer to greet,
Till worn with fast and weariness
He fainted at their feet.



Then one there was who lifted up
The fever-tortured head,
And took him to his pitying heart,
And gave him drink and bread—

Gave him a shelter and a bed,
Nor asked his name to know,
And of all the men in Monterey
It is to him I'll go.

It is to this old, kindly man
That I will go today,
The thanks of all the grateful world
And my poor thanks to say.

Let from the shores the wild waves break
In mist and white sprays flung,
Let from the ancient Mission tower
The Angelus be rung,

Let all the tales they tell be told,
But just one tale for me,
And 'tis of him who sleeps afar
Beyond that sun-kissed sea;

Whose dreams I know, whose songs I sing,
Though dead he lies and still—
"The sailor who is home from sea,
The hunter from the hill."

THE HILLS OF SANTA CRUZ

One time, in Springtime, God made a perfect day,
He woke me in the morning and hid my cares away,
He woke me with a thrush's song, and with the linnet's trills,
He took me in His hand and He set me on the hills.

He set me on the hills, on the topmost hill of all,
And I heard the piping morning winds and far sea-breakers call,
I heard the winds a-singing from the lands and waters met,
An I live a thousand years, oh, I never can forget.

He touched my eyes with gladness, with balm of morning dews,
On the topmost rim He set me 'mong the hills of Santa Cruz,
And I saw the sunlit ocean sweep, I saw the vale below—
The veil of Santa Clara in a sea of blossomed snow.

It was Springtime and joy-time, and God had filled his loom
 With woven plains of poppies and orchards all a-bloom,
 With web of gold and purple in the fields and uplands green,
 And the white woof of blossoms that stretched away between.

The bluest sky that ever shone stretched over me that day,
 And I could see the ships that rode upon St. Francis Bay;
 I could see the ships a-sailing with pennants flung elate;
 I could see them win the harbor and pass the Golden Gate.

Up from the valley, with song and laughter, rose
 The voice of happy peoples from the blossomed orchard snows,
 The Spring's clear soprano from the gleaming, swaying trees,
 And the basso crescendo of the surf-breaking seas.

One time, in Springtime, God made a perfect day,
 He woke my soul to see it, and loosed my heart in play,
 With the lark's song he woke me, and the gull's distant call,
 And He set me on the hills, on the farthest hill of all.

Bright days of pleasure and gray days of pain—
 I've had my willing share of both, and so I may again;
 'Tis not for me to make them, 'tis not for me to choose,
 But, oh, that day of splendor in the hills of Santa Cruz!

LA FIESTA DE LAS FLORES

I. MORNING.

Soul of the morning and balm of the sea,
 Dawn in the fields of dew,
 The breath of the west winds blowing free,
 And the faithful skies of blue.

The silent mountains rising fair
 From Aurora's golden flood,
 While the roar of the city rends the air,
 Where the old Pueblo stood.

The world's awake, and today is ours,
 With spoils of the field and plain
 Spread out for us in a feast of flowers,
 As it was in the days of Spain.

So we'll seek a nook where the sunlight lies
Like a bright serape's fold,
And the laugh of a señorita's eyes
Brings back the days of old.

II. NOON.

O beggar who sat by the road with me,
In sighs and longings vain,
Lo, here is your ship at last from sea,
And your castles built in Spain.

Wreath and pennant and banners gay,
On the towers strung and gored,
And the long, gaunt streets of yesterday
Bright as the Cid's own sword.

The lips of Granada's women rave
As your champing steed in pride
Goes by with the caballeros brave,
Who glory with you to ride.

Mustard blossoms from fields of grass,
Roses and violets blue—
Oh, kiss your hand, Señor, as you pass,
And they rain them down on you.

III. NIGHT.

On the dream-kissed day the shadow falls,
Yet now in their splendor glows
A million lights on the castle walls
And the gilded porticos.

Flowers of the night that blossom, too,
As the gleam of a priceless gem,
And the laughter of glad hearts breaking through,
Where the feast is spread for them.

Music and song, and the tinkling tune
Of echoes that sound afar,
Like memories swept on the airs of June
From an old sweetheart's guitar.

But, what of tomorrow that brings no thrill,
With its old, sharp, waking cry?
Oh, the feast of flowers is waiting still,
Out under the wide, blue sky.

BACK YONDER

Away back Yonder the wintry winds are chill,
In a winding sheet of snow lies the valley and the hill,
The patient cattle huddle in the shelter from the storm,
And the folks are all housed in 'round the fire, keeping warm;
It's a hard time they're having, and it sets a man to ponder
How glad he ought to be that he's not back Yonder.

I get to thinking of them, often, when alone,
Here with the birds and the bees' happy drone,
The flowers and the sun and the land with poppies gay;
Somehow through it all my thoughts backward stray,
And I catch myself a-dreaming of the old place, and wonder
If the skating's like it was when I lived back Yonder.

I wonder if they gather in the cold, crispy night,
With the moon's flooding glory on the fields still and white,
The lusty-throated boys and the laughing, rosy girls,
Their bright eyes dancing through their tantalizing curls,
When coasting's at its best and the ice is gleaming under
The bobsleds a-whizzing on the hills back Yonder.

I think I see the old folks gathered in the glow
Of the hearthstone's warmth that once I used to know,
The brown jug of cider of Nature's wholesome brew,
And the spoils of the orchard where the luscious apples grew;
I think, and I think, till I've half a mind to squander
The last cent I've got on a trip back Yonder.

But, of course, it's only dreaming; I wouldn't really go
Back to the howling winds, the blizzards and the snow,
Away from the flowers, and the sun and the bees,
The balm in the air, and the sunny days like these;
But I can't help knowing as far away I wander
That there's other kind of joy, and it's way back Yonder.

THE CAPTIVE COYOTES

The gray thief's outcast brood,
Trapped in the haunts of men,
And far away the sheltered wood,
And far the desert's fen.

Far is the moonlit plain,
Where they would wandering be;
They like not, through the window pane,
The faces that they see.

No use to stretch a hand
Of kind and friendly care;
They would not know nor understand
The peace ye would declare.

The wild blood will not tame
With one day's passing grace,
For know ye not from whence they came?
That wild, marauding race?

For full a thousand years
They've borne the bane and ban,
The bold, unshriven buccaneers,
The gypsy's outlawed clan.

And so, when night stars pale,
And wakes the desert's breeze,
If you should hear a she-wolf wail,
It is for loss of these.

THE BAY OF SAN DIEGO

The sunlight of the morning across the far hills broke,
From the dawn the veils of mist fell and faded as I woke;
The sea was bathed with glory in a sweep of swirling fire,
And I wandered with my soul in the Land of Heart's Desire.

In the Land of Heart's Desire, in the dreamland of my soul,
And my boat was on the shore with its rudder and its thole,
With its white sails agleam and the soft winds blowing free,
And the Bay of San Diego shining blue against the sea.

Yonder from the hills blew the blithe breeze of morn,
The scent of the lemon on its breath of lotus borne,
The scent of the lemon from the mesas blowing down,
From Chula Vista's mesas to the sun-harbored town.

The lemon was in blossom, and, shimmered in between,
Glowed the gold of the orange and the olive's flash of green;
I could see them from the waters that rippled, blue and bright,
On the Bay of San Diego in the golden morning light.

On the billows' far horizon I saw a white ship sail,
And backward o'er the hills stretched the world-wearied trail;
But the ship lured me not that beckoned to the main,
And the trail was not for me, though with gold it were lain.

There was no road for me wheresoever it might lay,
Wheresoever o'er the land or the sea it stretched, that day;
All the voices of the world died and faltered, though they called,
When the Bay of San Diego held my soul, dream-enthralled.

Never dawned a day so fair and never set the sun
On a picture half so lovely when that day was done;
But, that day and this day, unchanging and the same,
'Tis still as God has made it since the first day that came.

'Tis still as God has made it in the gladness of His dreams,
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er it gleams—
The mystic seas beyond it in the sunlight's golden fire,
And the Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's Desire.

A PRAYER FOR RAIN

"And also I have withholden the rain from you."

Lord, see'st Thou not, beside the way,
The drooping flowers
That, week by week and day by day,
Cry for Thy showers?

Hear'st Thou not the plaintive song
The wild birds sing,
That in the withered woodlands throng
With dusty wing?

The bare, brown hills, the blanching plains,
The silent vale,
They fade and sicken for thy rains,
In sore travail.

The wild folk of the forest keeps
Wail in the night,
And, 'neath the loam, the poppy sleeps,
Shut from the light.

Lord, in thy wide-flung, bending sky .
Afar there broods
Where veiled and mist-swept oceans lie,
Thy cloud-pent floods ;

Send Thou from thence the singing rain,
The laughing streams,
On this dear land of hill and plain
Thou mad'st of dreams—

This land of dreams Thou mad'st so fair,
So fair and sweet,
Set like a jeweled footstool, there
To rest Thy feet.

The earth will blossom at thy word—
Oh, speak it, then ;
We ask it of Thy mercy, Lord,
In Thy dear Name. Amen.

DEO GRATIAS

And he prayed again and the heavens gave rain; and the earth brought forth her fruit.—Jas. v, 18.

Lord, when seared and dead were laid
The hill and plain,
Through days of trouble unto Thee we prayed,
And not in vain.

We cried to Thee from our poor heart's distress,
We called Thy name,
And lo! from Heaven, like a fond caress,
The answer came.

The glad rain sweeping over vale and hill
 Came from the sea,
 And in the night we lay with souls athrill
 That sang to Thee.

We bared our hearts to catch the trembling song
 That whispering fell
 From clouds and mists, singing the whole night long,
 With lingering spell.

Far in its bed the waking poppy stirred,
 The flowers rejoiced,
 And in the tree the twitter of the bird
 Its gladness voiced.

The wearied land tomorrow casts away
 Its cloak of brown,
 And dons its robes of green to greet the day
 With Spring's bright crown.

The fallow furrows, turned in wan despair,
 And sown in grief,
 When comes the happy harvests will be fair
 With golden sheaf.

Dear Lord, to whom in vain no burden calls,
 On land or sea,
 We lift our faces through the rain that falls,
 In thanks to Thee.

THE MARGUERITES OF PAUL DE LONGPRE

All in his fairy garden the myriad flowers grow,
 The lilac and the buttercup, the stately Jacqueminot,
 The fleur-de-lis, anemone, the pansy's changeful hue,
 The yellow-robed acacia and violets of blue;
 And, oh, the laughing daisies with eyes of welcome sweet—
 The flower that he loves the best, the modest Marguerite.

Upon the walls of magic, within his fair roof-tree,
 The flowers live and bloom again in shining panoply,
 Plucked from stems that bore them, no more to fade and die,
 With dews of morn upon them, and sheen of summer sky;
 Yet there, like keys of minor that sigh upon a song,
 The Marguerite's faint petals the splendid pictures throng.

Flowers of hill and valley, and all the dappled plains,
Glinted by the shimmered sun, kissed of singing rains,
Blossoms of the swaying tree, tender buds of spring,
Flaming banners of the vines that 'round dead towers cling—
They grow to make his kingdom of dream and color bright,
Limned by his fairy palette and pencils touched with light.

Every flower that blows he loves, yet one the best, of old,
The tender little daisy, with its sunny heart of gold,
With its heart of gold that cheered him when Fortune looked askance,
In his day of gloom and trouble 'neath the bending skies of France;
And now, with all the world and its laurels at his feet,
The soul of him cannot forget his first love—Marguerite.

IN THE SAN JOAQUIN

I watched the sun sink from the west,
I watched the sweet day die;
Above the dim Coast Range's crest
I saw the red clouds lie;
I saw them lying golden deep,
By lingering sunbeams kissed,
Like isles of Fairyland that sleep
In seas of amethyst.

Soft, through the amber twilight, stole
One clear note of the lark,
As fell upon my wondering soul
The desert's sudden dark;
It fell with trembling fear that broods
When night steals o'er the plain,
And from the ghostly cottonwoods
The moody owls complain.

Then, through the long night hours I lay
In baffled sleep's travail,
And heard the outcast thieves in gray,
The gaunt coyotes, wail.
With seaward winds that wandering blew,
I heard the wild geese cry,
I heard their gray wings beating through
The star-dust of the sky.

Spent, through the wakeful gloom, I lay
 With my poor heart's distress,
 And walked again the haunted way
 Of life's old loneliness.
 The dead, from far graves come, I heard,
 I saw them rise and pass;
 They spoke my name when, sighing, stirred
 The whispering pampas grass.

Yet, with the last grim, solemn hour,
 Stilled were the voices all,
 And then from poppied fields a-flower
 Rang out the wild bird's call;
 The glad dawn, deep in white mists steeped,
 Breathed on the day's hushed lyre,
 And far the dim Sierras leaped
 In living waves of fire.

WHEN IT RAINS IN CALIFORNIA

When it rains in Californy
 It makes the Tourist mad,
 But folks that's got the crops to raise
 Is feelin' mighty glad;
 I stand out in the showers,
 Wet as a drown-ded rat,
 And watch the grain a-growin',
 And the cattle gettin' fat.

Sorry for them Easterners,
 Kickin' like Sam Hill,
 But the sun-kissed land is thirsty,
 And wants to drink its fill.
 Oh, hear the poppies laughin',
 And the happy Mockers sing,
 When it rains in Californy,
 Through the glory of the Spring.

FROM THE HILLS

Yonder lies the restless town,
'N I'm glad that I ain't there,
To listen to its roarin' noise,
And breathe its stiflin' air;
The streets all jammed and crowded
With a million flyin' wheels,
And them crazy autermubbles
Cavortin' 'round your heels.

You git into a street car
And a feller plugs you dead,
'Er climbs up through the winder,
When you lay asleep in bed;
Dern poles all strung with lightin',
Set 'round instead of trees—
No, sir, give me the country,
With its poppies and its bees.

THINGS IS LOOKIN' BULLY

All years is good years,
There's never need to whine,
But some of them is better,
And this one's extra fine.
Rains come when they orter,
Early ones and late,
And things is lookin' bully
All down the Golden State.

The meadow lark at evenin'
Is pipin' you good-night,
And the mocker's song is ringin'
With the peep o' mornin' light;
The poppies and the roses
And the grain is growin' great,
And things is lookin' bully
All down the Golden State.

GIVE ME CALIFORNY

Blizzard back in York State
Sings its frosty tune,
Here the sun a-shinin',
Air as warm as June.

Snow in Pennsylvany,
Zero times down East,
Here the flowers bloomin'
A feller's eyes to feast.

Shiverin' in Kansas,
The hull blame country froze,
Here the birds a-singin',
Girls in summer clothes.

It's every one his own way,
The place he'd like to be,
But give me Californy—
It's good enough for me.

HOME

[Read at the Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the Pennsylvania Society of Southern Californina, held at Long Beach, Cal., June 20th, 1903.]

I.

Home, O home, and the name of it that we speak on a stranger shore,
And find in our hearts the old love still for the days and the things of
yore;
The name of it and the love of it that nothing can lure away,
No matter how blue the skies that bend or the paths our footsteps
stray;
Longing, and backward turning still, with memory fond that thrills,
As we think of the sweeping rivers and the stretch of the old blue
hills.

II.

June is there, and the days are fair on the hills of Long Ago,
And the wild flowers are in blossom now, and soft the south winds
 blow,
The robin sings and the chewink cries, and the thrush is nesting there,
The sunlight sleeps on the fields of corn, and the clovered meadows fair,
And mountain rills, that flash and gleam in the light of the dewy morn,
They are singing the songs we used to know in the land where we were
 born.

III.

'Tis a brave old land where we were born, and goodly is its fame,
The glories of its past inwrought with its quaint old Quaker name—
There, where Liberty's cradle rocked, and its flag was first unfurled,
And the Bell with its deathless challenge rang that echoed around the
 world—
Our brave old State that storm and stress have never conquered yet,
That in Freedom's arch, in the days of old, as the strong Keystone
 was set.

IV.

Orchards bloom on her sunny slopes, the golden grain in her fields,
The anvil's music is ringing there from the arm that Labor wields;
Smoke from the grimy marts of toil, and the busy hives that glow
With the quenchless fires of Industry where the tides of Commerce
 flow;
Wealth of the cities pouring down where the crowded harbor lies,
And her name is written in furnace flame on the scroll of midnight
 skies.

V.

Here, from the sweet-strewn poppy fields and flash of sunset seas,
Where our feet have followed the stars of the West with their new-
 born destinies,
Oh, oft we turn in our dreams again to the haunts where of yore we
 strayed,
And the croon of our cradle-song was sung and the graves of our dead
 are laid;
We turn again with a smile or a tear to the days we used to know,
And wander away 'mid the hills of Home in the Land of Long Ago.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY



A SONG ALONG THE WAY

Always a little nearer,
The day of the last farewell,
Ever a little clearer
The sound of the warning bell;
The shadows closer creeping
Through fading skies of blue,
Then, where the dead are sleeping,
We'll lie and rest us, too.

So, as we journey, brother,
Through days that are left us still,
Let us share with one another
The road that winds the hill.
If burdens of pain we carry,
As we trudge along, the while,
By the green fields let us tarry,
And search them for a smile.

Useless, on weary shoulders,
The trappings of strife we bear,
And the hate in our hearts that smolders
Makes hard the way we fare.
Let us cast away the madness
Of swords with which we fought,
And share, alike, the gladness
Love's golden pennies bought.

Breasting the winds together,
As we wander the age-worn way,
Peace, with its summer weather,
Will light the skies of gray.
And then, with hearts grown fonder,
Serene with their own delight,
We'll part in the twilight yonder,
With a tender and fond good-night.

THE DREAMS OF LONG AGO

From Memory's crowded closet-place, like faded leaves, sometimes,
I gather these old dreams of mine and kiss them o'er with rhymes,
And my foolish tears upon them will glisten like the dew
That used to gem the flowers that the old, sweet mornings knew.

I know the faded leaf hath lost the balm to soothe again
The heart that smarts from sorrow's scars and dagger thrusts of pain,
And I know that every dream of these will only bring regret,
Yet 'tis sweeter to remember than it could be to forget.

So I listen to the murmur of the brook's enchanting wave,
Singing mystic songs of glory that the distance never gave,
And I watch the summer rainbow down the heaven's vistas bend,
That vanished like the treasures that were hidden at the end.

The birds that sang at morning, the noon-hum of the bee,
The trees, the flowers, the waters, oh, they all come back to me;
Come like the tender glances that made sweet my mother's eyes,
And leave me like she left me when she fled to Paradise.

THE RANSOM

There was one sin that I loved most,
One wish there was best loved of me—
I gave them to a dead man's ghost,
To set his poor soul free.

I gave them from my heart's red core,
And left it seared and gray with pain,
That he might burn in flame no more,
Nor walk the night again.

He met me when the stars were deep,
His lowly grave near-by was laid—
Oft, 'ere he went with death to sleep,
In that same spot we strayed.

He met me there with pleading eyes,
The same fond, tender eyes of old,
And, in my fear and dread surprise,
My faltering blood ran cold.

He followed me within my door,
Nor fled till day began to break,
The while he ceased not to implore
With lips that could not speak.

But when, at length, he went away,
Full well I knew what was to be,
What ransom it was mine to pay,
What boon he asked of me.

And so, with heart grown old in grief,
I went where shone the shrine of prayer,
And plucked my roses, leaf by leaf,
And left them lying there.

My wayward soul I shrived full clean,
With knout and lash my flesh I flayed,
In sackcloth, where dim altars lean,
For his soul's peace I prayed.

But, oh, the dear sin, long enticed,
Drowned in that dregged and bitter cup;
And, oh, that wild wish sacrificed,
That then I offered up.

'Twould souls of thrice a thousand save,
'Twould 'fend a kingdom from God's wrath,
Which, to that dead man's ghost I gave,
Yon night he crossed my path.

Long since his happy feet are set
Upon the shining streets of gold,
But, in his joy, can he forget
His debt to me of old?

Will he forget when my soul waits,
And dark my days of trouble fall,
Or will he storm the jasper gates
To help me, when I call?

THE SONG OF THE FLAG

What song is the old flag singing,
As it ripples upon the breeze,
It's voice to the far lands ringing,
And its music upon the seas?
Oh, the light of its beauty's falling
From the sweep of its own fair skies,
Through the gloom where the weak are calling,
With hope in their lifted eyes.

Wherever its stars of glory,
And its bars of crimson glow,
They will shine with the deathless story
The world has thrilled to know.
And however the highways lengthen,
Where the feet of freemen fare,
The song of the flag will strengthen
The hearts that battle there.

And up where the white lands glisten
In their jeweled robes of snow,
For the song of the flag they'll listen,
With its music soft and low.
And down 'mid the palm trees sleeping,
On shores of the sun-kissed main,
From the faith of their soul new-leaping,
It will wake the glad refrain.

One land and one flag above it—
From the ice-floes still and cold,
Borne on by the hearts that love it
To the sunlit seas of gold;
With the gleam of its glory o'er them,
To the restless winds unfurled,
Let them bear to the years before them
Its challenge to all the world.

THE LITTLE SALVATION LASSIE

(Emma Booth-Tucker, killed at Dean Lake, Mo., Oct. 28, 1903.)

Wreck and ruin their story tell,
And the whole world bows its head
Where the little Salvation Lassie fell,
Bleeding and crushed and dead—
Dead where the crash of flying wheel
Her gentle heart's blood spilled,
And who will teach us to know and feel
She died as God had willed?

The eyes she dried when she went away,
They will break in tears again,
And the hearts that loved her, what will they say
When they hear that she is slain?
What will they do in their hovels now,
With heads in grief low bent,
In the haunts of their sorrow, foul and low,
Where her footsteps gladly went?

Frail as the fairest flower that blows
In the south wind's soft caress,
She walked in the shadow of human woes,
To succor and help and bless;
In the gloom and slime of the nameless sin,
The light of her brave eyes shone,
And where never another entered in
She came with her song, alone.

Frail as a flower and fair as morn,
Her soul unstained of dross,
A soldier, she braved the sneer and scorn,
And her only shield the Cross.
Sleep, O Lassie with bloodstained brow,
The din of the battle dies,
And God's own arms are 'round you now,
In the peace of His sheltered skies.

THE SAILOR OF GENOA

Westward he turned his daring prow,
Westward he sailed away,
Strange oceans beating upon his bows,
And dashing his sails with spray;
Strange winds, they whipped the bending spars,
But never a point he veered,
Though high above him the very stars
Were strange as the path he steered.

Tempest and storm and snarling sea
The path that he steered beset,
And the waves that broke to the wind and lee
No man before had met;
Sky that wrapped him and breeze that blew,
No man had known before,
Yet on he sailed with his scowling crew—
Straight on to the west he bore.

Westward, westward, till hope went down
In the black seas' deep abyss
From the hearts of his sailors, scarred and brown,
From every heart but his.
With fear and curses they turned from him
And scoffed at his mystic goal,
But fate nor furies could quench nor dim
The faith of his dauntless soul.

Westward, westward, till one fair morn,
The keels of his wandering fleet
Crept into the shallows the tides had borne
Around a new world's feet;
Around the feet of a world he won
From the veiled and pathless seas,
When sailed, in his Spanish galleon,
The immortal Genoese.

THE GYPSY

The king hath his castles,
And his wide lands in fee,
Yet the mountains shut them in,
And they end at the sea;
But the gypsy, oh, the rover,
With every wind that's blown,
He tramps the whole earth over,
And claims it as his own.

By the bright, running waters,
On every slope of green,
O'er all the rising hills
And the fields that lie between,
With his brown brood he'll wander,
His light heart a-thrill,
And the world is his to squander,
And to barter as he will.

The rich man in cities,
He counts his store of gold,
Yet it rings not with music,
And the touch of it is cold;
But the gypsy mints the treasure
Of golden days of sun,
And spends it without measure,
Nor reckons when 'tis done.

He follows where the swallow
Its wing southward dips,
He is back with the wren,
And the song upon his lips;
With his foot for the clover,
And the stars above him dim,
Oh, the Romany, the rover,
And the glad heart of him.

THE BELL OF DOLORES

The bell of Dolores.
Upon the midnight rang,
Oh, weird was its music
And the wild song it sang;
While the priest of Dolores
Then spoke the fateful word,
And put aside his golden stole
And girded on his sword.

O'er the hills in the starlight,
Thick with bending-speared maguey,
By the paths in the valleys
Where the haciendas lay,
From the deep, shadowed cañons,
Where the cool waters fall;
They leaped from their slumbers
And answered to the call.

In the gloom and the shadows,
At the wild call they came,
And the voice of Hidalgo
Spoke out from lips of flame;;
"Oh, follow me, my children,
Tonight we strike a blow
For freedom and for liberty,
For God and Mexico."

Few were their numbers,
But every arm was steeled
With the swift strength of vengeance,
And they swore not to yield.
With liberty for guerdon,
On the proud foe they fell,
And the red fields of slaughter
Have told their story well.

From the fierce years of battles,
From black years of pain,
They wrung the hard-wrought victory,
And broke the yoke of Spain;
They broke the gyve and shackle,
For they swore they would be free
When the bell of Dolores
Rang out for liberty.

AFRICANUS TRIUMPHANS

[Read before the Afro-American Congress at Pasadena, Cal.
August 19, 1903.]

When, out of the chaos, earth was hurled,
And God's great mandate spread;
When he made the races to fill the world—
Yellow and white and red—
There was one made black, and the other three
Seeing him, asked to know
Whence, from what darkness cometh he?
And whither does he go?

And the black man said God made us free,
White and black men all,
Yellow or red, whichever we be,
There shall be no bond or thrall;
But they said his lips had spoken lies,
For the brand was on his cheek,
And they dulled their ears to his children's cries,
And the word his tongue would speak.

So, through the centuries hath he borne,
With shoulders bowed to the wheel,
The whole world's burdens and its scorn—
Its bloodhounds at his heel.
Bound he stood in the palace hall,
He was chained in the galleyed ships,
Yet, with deathless courage he braved it all,
With the challenge upon his lips.

Out from the ages, stained and dim
With curse and wrong and hate,
He comes with the patient heart of him
Unbent of Time or Fate.
Lash and shackle and gyve and goad
He bore through grief and dole,
Yet stands at last, from the weary load,
Erect with dauntless soul.

There was never an hour of the countless years
When the Slavers' white sail gleamed,
But through the rain of his blood and tears,
Of his birthright still he dreamed;
There was never a night of gloom and pain
But brought him its hope of morn,
With the vision of Liberty dawned again,
And the freedom he lost, new born.

He comes with his glory from wars of death
For the flag that made him free,
He comes from the cannon's thundrous breath
That he faced all fearlessly;
He comes with the songs his poets sing,
With the pictures his painters drew,
With the music the tongues of his pleaders ring,
And the things that his hands can do.

He comes, my brother, whoever you be—
Yellow, or white, or red—
In the fair, full light of his destiny,
With the word that, of old, he said.
Gentle and patient and brave and strong,
With the faith of his soul unworn,
And the time is past for shackle and thong,
And the time is past for scorn.

O olden race of the jungle and hill,
O olden race and strong,
Brave be your hearts with the challenge still,
And glad be your lips with song.
Look up to the glory that flames the skies,
The gloom of the night is done;
Oh, shout to the morning with victor cries,
For the long, hard fight is won.

DEATH OF LEO XIII

Under the blue Italian skies,
By Tiber's yellow tide,
Low the Lion of Judah lies,
In the streets where Caesar died.

The golden censer its incense spills
'Neath Peter's towering dome,
And a hush is over the seven hills
Of old, imperial Rome.

He sits no more on his ancient throne,
With the triple crown he wore,
The Fisherman's ring that flashed and shone
Gleams from his hand no more;

While Death, that waited so long for him,
Hath passed with victor tread,
Sheathing his sword in the starlight dim—
For Leo, the Pope, is dead.

Leo is dead in the Vatican,
He is dead, and the cry will go
Wherever wander the feet of man,
Wherever the four winds blow.

It will still the rush of the restless tide,
'Mid the cities' ceaseless roar,
And wherever the ships at anchor ride,
They will signal it from shore.

The soldier will hear it upon the wall,
It will sound with the sentry's cries,
And echo from kings' ancestral halls
To the tribes 'neath desert skies.

And wherever men go and whatever they be,
They will stop a while to say,
As they toil on the land or sail the sea,
'Twas a good man died today—

There's a great heart stilled in yonder place,
'Mid his altars high and dim;
There was not a soul of the human race
But had the love of him.

Jew and Gentile, whate'er their creed,
 Or the child of whatever land,
 It was he who solaced them in their need,
 And joined them hand in hand.

The cry of the weak to him went up
 That he shielded from the strong,
 And he gave them to drink from love's sweet cup,
 And he smote no thing but wrong.

And so, tho' the alien lands they dare,
 Or sit 'mid the lights of home,
 Today the hearts of the world will fare
 On the roads that lead to Rome.

IN KASTANIENWALD

(To E. P. K.)

What is it like in Kastanienwald?
 Oh, I think it is like to be very fair,
 For, yesterday, in a dream I called,
 Called, and sat for an hour there.
 I came from the hills and wandered down
 By pathways strewn with old memories,
 'Till I saw it lying beyond the town,
 With its groves of clustered chestnut trees.

An old, gray dog at the sunny gate
 Rose up to meet me with friendly bay,
 The catbird cried to his noisy mate,
 And the robin sang to me on the way.
 Through towering branches the sunlight came,
 Lighting the wood with a tender glow,
 And the laurel flower was all aflame,
 And the blackberry blossoms white as snow.

There were sheltering eaves that I walked beneath,
 I passed unchallenged across the hall
 Where hung the sword in its battered sheath,
 With shield and buckler on the wall.
 And there, in his fortress, dream-enthralled,
 Sat he who rode to the joust and fray
 Long time ago, ere Kastanienwald
 The cry of the battles drove away.

I had tales to tell him of sunlit seas,
Of fields where the golden poppies throng,
Of meadow larks and the hum of bees,
And snow-capped hills, and the mockers' song;
Tales of the peaks where the starlight broods,
And blue skies bending the livelong day,
But I left him there in his quiet woods—
It was only a dream, and I could not stay.

'Twas only a dream, but sometime, anon,
When my soul a-wandering goes, again,
Away through the great, dim shadows, yon
'Mid the old, old hills, where mine own are lain,
I will seek him out from his quiet nooks,
With a jest, mayhap, or a tear recalled,
And he'll lift his eyes from his well-loved books,
And will know I am there in Kastanienwald.

DRAGA

Draga is dead, who was so fair,
Her dumb lips 'reft of their luring smile,
Her heart's red blood in her matted hair,
And splashed on her soft, white hands the while,
Her eyes of glory, that flamed and burned,
Have veiled their fires of love and hate,
And the bucklered hosts of the foes she spurned
Stand guard, tonight, at her palace gate.

Tomorrow they'll set the crown she wore,
With its flashing gems, on a rival's head,
And the realm is safe—they will say—once more,
It is safe, for Draga, the Queen, is dead—
She is dead, the Queen with the wanton eyes,
Who laughed to ruin the goodly State,
And, low in the cloisters of doom she lies,
Strong-barred 'gainst envy and fear and hate.

'Twas a far, mad journey, the way she came,
 Up from the plebeian paths, alone,
 Trailing her garments of sin and shame,
 To flaunt them forth from the purpled Throne;
 But farther still is the journey now
 That she takes in the dark, alone, again,
 The cerecloth bound on her snowy brow,
 And Death's gaunt courtiers in her train.

Unshrived, in an outcast grave she sleeps,
 Near the quiet lanes where, of old, she played;
 And the long, dim shade of the spire creeps
 Where in childhood's hours she sang and prayed.
 And you, O Masters, who cast the stone,
 As we speak the word you would have us say,
 Will the same word serve at the great White Throne,
 When she pleads for herself on the Judgment Day?

BLOW, BUGLES, BLOW

Blow, bugles, blow, soft and sweet and low,
 Sing a good night song for them who bravely faced the foe;
 Sing a song of truce to pain,
 Where they sleep nor wake again,
 'Neath the sunshine or the rain—
 Blow, bugles, blow.

Wave, banners, wave, above each hero's grave,
 Fold them, O thou stainless flag that they died to save;
 All thy stars with glory bright,
 Bore they on through Treason's night,
 Through the darkness to the light—
 Wave, banners, wave.

Fall, blossoms, fall, over one and all,
 They who heard their country's cry and answered to the call;
 'Mid the shock of shot and shell,
 Where they bled and where they fell,
 They who fought so long and well—
 Fall, blossoms, fall.

Sigh, breezes, sigh, so gently wandering by,
Bend above them tenderly, blue of summer sky;
 All their weary marches done,
 All their battles fought and won,
 Friend and lover, sire and son—
Sigh, breezes, sigh.

ROOSEVELT IN THE YELLOWSTONE

Above him the wild skies bending,
 Beneath him the wastes of snow—
Through the hush of the forest wending,
 And over the bleak plateau,
He rode, with his strong heart glowing,
 In a clime of old, held dear,
And the winds of the West were blowing,
 With the music he loves to hear.

Beside him, with clanking saber,
 The brown-cheeked trooper rode,
Yet, he passed, as friend and neighbor,
 Where the things of the wild abode—
Where the things that people the places
 Of mountain and hill and fen,
Were waiting, with kindly faces,
 To welcome the chief of men.

And so that they, too, might render
 Their tribute of love to him,
Forth, then, in their strength and splendor
 From the forests dark and dim,
From the wastes and the gushing fountains
 Like a leaping wave of flame,
The antlered kings of the mountains
 In royal escort came.

Down through the wild wastes riding,
 They followed him over the snow,
By the peaks in the cloud-mists hiding,
 And down to the broad plateau;
And never, in song or story,
 In tourney, or feast, or fray,
Rode king of khan in his glory
 As this man rode that day.

A SPRIG OF LILAC

A little sprig of lilac, its fragrance in the air,
And, oh, lonely heart, if we could again but fare
Across the weary miles that we've wandered, to the door
Where once bloomed the lilac in the happy days of yore.

If time could backward turn, o'er the years that are so long,
And we could see her standing there and hear the lilting song,
Her face with its glory and her lips with gladness kissed,
It's little that we'd care for whatever else we've missed.

It's little we would care for the dreary days of pain,
The tears and the loneliness, if she were there again,
Her dear arms to fold us, and her tender eyes aglow,
Beside the bonnie lilac bush she planted, long ago.

A little sprig of blossoms, their perfume in the air,
But oh, the weary heart that can not forget its care;
The memory-haunted years, and the lilacs 'round the door
Where once was the welcome that now is there no more.

EASTER

His footsteps trod the weary way,
He lived His life's sad story,
That, at the end, might come this day
Of triumph and of glory.

It was for this one hour He bowed
His gentle heart before them,
The mocking and the ribald crowd,
That bent the thorn-crown o'er him.

He bore the faithless taunt they flung,
The cruel lash that flayed Him,
And on Golgotha's dark cross hung,
When Judas had betrayed Him.

But, lo, when angels rolled aside
The stone that locked death's prison,
The lowly Nazarene who died
Was Christ, the Lord, arisen.

THE ROOF TREE

Once on a time a strong man hewed
A roof tree for his little brood;
His sinewy hands its rafters reared,
His swinging ax the forest cleared,
'Till orchard-bloom and fields of loam
Smiled 'round it, and he called it Home.

And there, for many a happy day,
He heard his children shout at play,
Or watched them, barefoot, wading through
The clovered meadows, steeped in dew;
And, one by one, he saw them fare
Forth from the fold the world to dare.

Then came a time when 'neath the shade
Of arbors that his hands had made,
They laid him in the soft, cool mold,
His labors done, his story told.
And silence breathed its hush and spell
On that dear place once loved so well.

The roof tree crumbled, spiders wove
Their fairy webs its eaves above;
But yonder, in the world's wild way,
Those who had loved it in their play,
Stopped oft, through days that care beset,
To name it with their heart's regret.

A rich man in his halls of pride,
Through many an hour of longing sighed
For its bright, flowery paths again;
And one who lay in fevered pain
On glory's field, near death's dim brink,
Cried for its sweet, cool springs to drink.

And there was one poor Ishmael,
Who, when his ill-starred fortunes fell,
Turned like a hunted dog at bay,
Backward, o'er many a devious way,
To lay him down with death, care free,
Once more within the old roof tree.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

I.

"Whence," said the Soul that in God's great glory glowed,
 "Came my wandering footsteps here and who guided me the road
 Past the yawning pits of hell and the darkness and the dread,
 The jibes of all the living and the terrors of the dead?"

II.

From the ringing choirs of Heaven and the shining Cherubim,
 They brought the Guardian Angel of his life to answer him.
 And the Angel's was the face that had haunted all his years
 When the song was on his lips or his eyes were dimmed with tears.

III.

"It was thou," said the Soul, "that made hard my days for me
 With the dreary curse of toil, and thou wouldst not set me free,
 When the face of Pleasure smiled and its pathway glittered near——"
 "Yea," smiled the Angel, "it was thus I led thee here."

EIRIN SLAINTE GAL GO BRAGH

[Passage of the Irish Land Bill of 1903 in the British House
 of Commons.]

Lift up your head and dry your tears,
 Sweet land of Innisfail,
 'Tis not today your lover hears
 The banshee's lonely wail,
 But, from the harp on Tara's walls,
 So long in grief unstrung,
 The lilting tune of gladness calls,
 The song of joy is sung.

'Tis not the day of Sarsfield's dream,
 When ebb'd his heart's red tide,
 'Tis not the day on Shannon's stream
 For which your Emmett died,
 But 'tis a day of hope and life,
 Of wrong made right again,
 That heals the bloodstained scar of strife,
 The gaping wound of pain.

I wonder if the dead that sleep
Beneath the shamrocks low,
Or far, where alien rivers sweep,
Will thrill again to know
That from the Norman's hand of steel
Is loosed the grasp of power,
And burst death's bonds the joy to feel
Of this long-prayed-for hour?

Unfurl the green flag to the breeze,
There's none to say it nay,
For e'en the Saxon from his seas
Salutes its folds today.
Beneath the mists of Erin's skies
May ne'er its luster pale;
Lift up your head and dry your eyes,
Dear land of Innisfail.

THE SHIP O' DREAMS

The Ship o' Dreams, it sails afar
Where moonlit isles of lotus are,
And 'round its prow the soft seas break
And croon and whisper in its wake,
And all the guides its sailors see
Are stars of faith and memory.

Bound outward, with the gentle wind,
The shores of care are left behind,
The mart's loud, jarring noises die,
Faint falls its challenge and its cry;
The moan of pain, the drip of tears,
They fail and falter on our ears.

Starboard and port, from rail to rail,
'Tis with our heart's best loved we sail;
The wanderers from the roof-tree fled,
The lost ones whom we mourned as dead,
They crowd the decks, and, unafraid,
We watch the golden anchors weighed.

Forth fare we then, with lute and lyre,
By lands of hope and heart's desire,
By blossomed slope and flowered plain,
Where rise our castles built in Spain;
And peace is there, and o'er us gleams
The sky that folds the Ship o' Dreams,

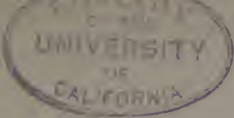
ALWAYS THE FLAG OF THE FREE

Who fears for the flag that freedom blest,
 'Though it wanders afar from home,
By the winds caressed, to the east or west,
 Wherever its sons may roam?
In the calm of peace, or the storm of wars,
 On land or the bounding sea,
With its silver stars and its crimson bars,
 It is always the flag of the free.

Far from the cradle where Liberty reared
 Its brood of free-born men,
That banner fared and has onward dared
 Full many a league since then;
Like a strong young eagle, on wings elate,
 It has followed its destiny
From the old Bay State to the Golden Gate—
 The fetterless flag of the free.

South, where the far Antilles lie,
 It smiled to the glowing dawn,
It soared on high in the sunlit sky
 On the hill above San Juan.
It has followed its well-loved ships away
 To the uttermost alien sea,
And it floats today in Manila Bay,
 The conquering flag of the free.

God speed the flag that never has quailed,
 'Though it rode o'er the Spanish main;
When by foes assailed that never has failed
 Humanity's need and pain.
It shall bless the slave whom its valor frees,
 And its glory shall 'round him be;
On its own loved breeze or the Orient seas,
 It is always the flag of the free.



"SHE'S AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

(The Venezuelan Incident.)

Feller name of Bowen says he's been a-thinkin' some
Of gettin' up a Nation's Ball, invitin' all to come;
Says he thinks it's only fair to hand around the fun
And not confine it merely to the "Goth and shameless Hun,"
So they're pickin' out their partners to join the grand sashay,
And your Uncle Sam'll be there when the band begins to play.

Billy Hohenzollern will make things sort o' warm
When he waltzes down the middle with Miss Guelph upon his arm,
Some big guns will applaud him as glidin' on he goes,
With his little Dago valet a-holdin' up his clothes,
They'll holler "Hoch der Kaiser," and throw the English sop
To keep John Bull from faintin' at the Venezuelan hop.

But wait till Uncle Sammy, with his partner, "La Belle France,"
Drops in to cut some pigeon wings at that there Nation's Dance.
He'll teach them how the Boston dip caught on in gay Paree,
And they'll make the prettiest couple that you possibly could see.
And if they ask him questions anywhere along the line,
He'll say: "Why, don't you know her? She's an old sweetheart of
mine?"

THE DEAD GUN MAKER

Dead! and the belching thunder
Of the guns, on sea and shore,
Tho' they rive the world asunder,
Can break on his ears no more.

Forth from his hands he sent them,
Wherever men met as foes;
And, wherever strong hands unbent them,
The cry of the wounded rose.

The groans of the maimed and dying,
The moans of the ebbing heart,
On the fields of the dead, low lying,
Were the praise of his master art.

Wherever the ocean's billows
The ships of the fleet have sped,
Deep over the coral pillows,
Where the wild seas keep their dead;

Wherever, in rush or rally,
Man clashed in the strife with man—
In Paardeberg's war-strewn valley,
Or the red heights of Sedan—

Death and blood and disaster
Spoke his great name in dread;
But now, in his shroud, the master
That fashioned the guns lies dead.

And, wishing him naught of sorrow,
No curse o'er his grave, nor ban,
How well it would be, if tomorrow
The art could die with the man—

If brothers, the wide world over,
Would drink from Love's brimming cup,
And cover the guns as they cover
The dust o'er the grave of Krupp.

THE QUEEN CITY

(Seattle, 1897.)

The shelter-craving sea
Crept to her feet,
The west wind, strong and free,
In her face blew sweet.
And oft, as the breath of the main
Her bosom kissed,
She hid in her cloak of rain
And veils of mist.

The Sailor wandering far
The trackless deep,
Turned to the steadfast star
That watched her sleep.
And the dauntless Pioneer,
Through forests wide,
Blazed the bleak pathway clear
That reached her side.

They throned her on the hills
Of changeless green,
'Mid the gleam of mountain rills
And lakes' soft sheen;
They filled their souls with her name,
Her love and grace,
And the sons of the four winds came
To see her face.

Jewels and gems they brought,
And raiments gay,
Treasures the looms had wrought,
In far Cathay;
Gifts from the vales and plains
And marts of old,
And the north from its frozen veins
Poured out its gold.

Then her wild pulses stirred,
Her warm heart beat,
She sang that the whole world heard,
And the song was sweet.
The salt rains swept her lips,
Still, from the skies,
She laughed to the crowding ships
Through sunlit eyes.

THE TOILER

(Eckley Brinton Cox, died May 13, 1895)

Smokeless towers and silent wheels,
Today on the lonely hill,
And the restless hands are folded,
And the tireless heart is still.

The eyes that pierced the darkness
Of the very earth are dim,
And of all his wide dominions
There is only a grave for him.

He walked wherever the toiler
Had shapen his sturdy tread,
When the scented way of the roses
Was his, if he cared, instead.

And wherefore hath he striven
If not for gold and gain?
Did he fashion his wheels of iron
For torture and human pain?

Answer, O lips that tremble!
Answer, O tearful eyes!
That ask God's peace and blessing
Upon him where he lies.

Yea! 'twas for you, my brothers,
With tireless brain he strove,
And the smoke from his grimy towers
Was the incense of his love.

And after the weary struggle
No curse falls on his head,
No trail of blood to tarnish
The blameless life he led.

Peace and farewell, O Toiler!
God grant that some day shall see
This sad old world as happy
As your dream would have it be.

THE SADDENED HEART

I need not say that I am sad,
For every one is so;
The world is for a moment glad,
And then 'tis full of woe,
And even while we laugh, a tear
Falls through the music that we hear.

The saddest hearts I met today,
The eyes that sorest wept,
Last night were full of mirth and gay,
And changed but while I slept;
But then the sky was bright and blue,
While now it wears a somber hue.

He who, with voice of silvery ring,
Told me one hour ago
That life was such a happy thing,
With curses deep and low
Avers that now he does not care
For life or death in his despair.

And thus it is, and thus 'twill be,
E'en as 'twas long ago—
You need not speak your grief to me,
With every one, 'tis so;
And you, and I, and all, but tread
Unto the hope that shrouds the dead.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD

In the old churchyard, tho' the sun at morning gleams,
They who sleep within its bosom never waken from their dreams,
Nor answer when you call them, nor listen when you speak,
Nor know you weep above them, and that your heart may break.
But still, amid the silence, 'neath the soft, green mantled sward,
They slumber on forever in the old churchyard.

Yet, somehow, when the gentle winds across the grasses blow,
There is something in its whisper like the voice you used to know,
And you dream that, as it passes, every gleaming drop of dew
Is a tear that some lost loved one has left behind for you,
And the soul leaps through the gate that Death, for pity, leaves un-
barred
"Twixt you and those that love you in the old churchyard.

Mine own are there, mine own that left me lonely long ago,
For whom my heart full long hath cried and wept and hungered so;
No stranger sleeps among them all, not one but, could he rise,
Would welcome me with all the dear old gladness in his eyes.
And I bend my face above them, feeling still their love may guard
And cherish him who mourns them in the old churchyard.

Oh, the old churchyard! Tho' I wander o'er the sea
And the farthest league of distance, it is ever near to me.
Life brings me no new lesson that can teach me to forget
The love that first it brought me, and is the fondest yet.
And when the days are ended, and the Night comes on, unstarred,
There is rest for hearts weary in the old churchyard.

THE DREAMER

(John Boyle O'Reilly, died Aug. 10, 1890.)

With sleepless eyes and head bent low,
Oft hath he listened long nights through,
And all the wandering winds that blow
Were voices that he dreamed he knew.
And when the haggard light of day
Crept through the valleys, wrapt and dim,
He rose to do, like one to pray,
What bidding night had given him.

For 'tis upon the winds that blow,
When night hath come, that every need
Of hearts that ache in pain and woe,
For pity through the wide world speed.
And we that sleep, we never hear
The pleading voices as they creep,
But he, awake with listening ear,
With pity wept, and could not sleep.

And so, when day's deep noises stirred
The fretful world to strife and greed,
He gave all that he had, a word,
A touch, a tear, a generous deed.
And all the poor who hungered so
For love to bless or bread to eat,
Rose from the sorrow and the woe
Of bitter hours that he made sweet.

But once he slept; The voices cried
Still as of old, the long night through;
Yet, heedless all, and heavy-eyed,
He would not hear the winds that blew.
And when the dawn in solemn gray
Came forth, its early light to shed,
His lips had no fond word to say,
Night's tears were vain, for he was dead.

THE RETURN OF THE IROQUOIS

(Wyoming Valley, 1778.)

"Maughwama!" they cried from the war canoes,
And the hills that slept in the morning dews;
"Maughwama, valley of stream and plain,
Lo, thy children are come to thee again."
And their wild cry echoed from hill to hill,
And the winds from the river, that loved them still,
Caught up the greetings their mad lips gave,
And swept its music from wave to wave.

"Welcome, oh welcome," the free winds cried,
"Welcome, oh wanderers," the forests sighed;
"Mohawks, bold in the battle's strain,
Oneidas, patient of hunger and pain,
Senecas, swiftest the tribes among,
Cayugas, generous, kind and strong;
Wise Onondagas, whose silvered speech
From the council fires the Nations teach;
Wild Tuscaroras, unbent and free,
Welcome, oh welcome, to all and thee."

Wyoming! and these were the scattered seed
Of her Nations, remnanted, spent in their need,
With the ruin and wreck of the strangers' wars
Writ on their faces in ashen scars,
And the haunting wail of their lost and dead
Like a mock'ry following them where they sped.
From steeps where the northern rivers run,
From the purple skies of the setting sun,
Of all their wide land nothing left,
Of kindred and glory and home bereft;
Back in their reeling defeats they came,
Blazing their pathway with ruin and flame;
Till thus they gazed from the frowning crest
That rose o'er the valley their hearts loved best.

From the clasp of the mountains with gold and gleam
 Of the sunlight kissing its winding stream,
 Fair Susquehanna the exiles bore;
 They moored their boats on the shallow shore;
 They clambered to beckoning hill and plain,
 And the old, sweet places they claimed again.
 Theirs the bright streams and the swaying trees,
 'Ere the pale robber had crossed his seas,
 With his false heart smiling upon his lips,
 And the fires of death in his cruel ships,
 Grasping, with insolent greed and might,
 All that by birth was the red man's right,
 Setting his fields in the virgin wood
 Where the first born, rightful race had stood,
 'Till with ruthless courage his ploughshares swept
 The very graves where their fathers slept.

"Hal-loo-o! Hal-loo-o!" from peak to peak
 The shuddering sound rolls back, the shriek
 Of the Iroquois rose on the quivering air!
 Alas, O Wyoming, sun-kissed and fair,
 For the new brood suckling at thy breast!
 Better yon distant mountain's crest
 Had never its nodding grasses bent
 'Neath the feet that Connecticut wandering sent
 To seek fresh grooves for the Yankee plow.
 Lo! the day of ire is upon them now.
 They need not fear and they need not care
 That Tory and Briton confront them there,
 But well may they fly to the strong support
 Of the sheltering timbers of Forty Fort,
 That the wronged and the robbed and the homeless race
 Hath come again to its rightful place.

PRAISE

How art thou praised? By word or look?
 Yet still not so shall I praise thee.
 I would as lief the shallow brook
 Had taught its fickle kiss to me
 As seek by speech or glance the ways
 That I would fashion for thy praise.

I'll praise thee by remembering—
Songs will I make thee from the sighs
Of mine own heart, and as I sing
The gentle river winds will rise,
As when, one day, their touch made rare
Aeolian music through thy hair.

I'll praise thee by forgetfulness—
I will forget the light of morn
Was ever fair, it is so less
Fair than thine eyes; so, borne
Into one long sweet dream of thee
Past and to come shall all dreams be.

GOOD-NIGHT BUT NOT GOOD-BYE

Grieve not to say good night, dear,
Good night is not good-bye;
And 'though at morning's light, dear,
Long miles 'twixt us shall lie,
Some time I will come back to thee,
As happy as of old to be.

And every lonely day, dear,
That parts our lives in twain,
At last will pass away, dear,
And we shall meet again.
So why should tears dim thy fond eye?
'Tis but good-night and not good-bye.

We've known full share of pain, dear,
Of heartache and of tears;
Fond hopes we knew were slain, dear,
And love grew sick with fears,
But soon the shadows all will flee,
And we no more will parted be.

And when you're all my own, dear,
Like blessings then will fall
The sorrows we have known, dear,
The loneliness and all.
So wherefore tears to dim thine eye?
Good night, dear love, but not good-bye.

ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST

Midst all the palm-crowned company
 He seemeth always something more than they—
 "Christ's own beloved John." Not Peter,
 Even, the rock on whom he builded,
 Nor Paul, the matchless silver-voiced,
 Nor Thomas, with his hands upon his wounds,
 Nor any of them all, down to this latest day,
 Seem, my fair saint, so fair as thou,
 "His own beloved John."

Calm-eyed and sweet,
 Almost as Christ to look upon, was he;
 Almost the same soft, gentle way; with hair
 That fell in waving locks his shoulders o'er,
 And perfect brows, and perfect moulded mouth;
 Too sad to smile, and yet in his fair face
 Something more sweet and tender dwelt
 Than that which lights the fondest mother's smile
 Above her sleeping babe.

Beside Golgotha's cross
 I often see that John divinely stand,
 The last to hear his Master's last farewell
 Through the drear agony of human pain.
 I see the women clutching at his feet
 Where stayed he when all other men had fled.
 And then I love to watch him standing so,
 To catch the glory of his dauntless eye,
 And know that he who was the best beloved
 Was faithful in the last and mightiest hour.

ROBERT EMMET

Alas, poor dreamer, and poor dream, alas!
 Both memories blent as one, together they
 Down the sad silence of the ages pass,
 Facing forever each new-born day.

He is the dream, e'en as the dream is he,
 Inseparable from each other wrought;
 His name unchiseled 'till his land be free—
 The ghost from out the very phantom caught.

A beauteous dream! (And, ah, he was so fair,)
Its own ideal he, and it was his ideal;
Both gone; so 'tis dreams fade in air,
The real pitiless of the unreal.

And as the dream is beautiful and sweet,
In that same measure is the waking pain.
Alas, O Freedom! when shall vision greet
So fair a fancy in its realms again?

Immortal dream! Dreamer immortal, too!
Undying both, for never Gael shall spring
To tread the earth but all his fancies through
Sounds from that dream like clashing swords shall ring.

"THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE"

(Robert Burns, born January 25, 1759.)

"There was a lad was born in Kyle,"
In Kyle among the hills of heather,
And 'tis tonight we'll sit a while
The songs he made to sing together;
Full many a stave that well we ken,
The lilts beloved beyond all others,
The which that lifted lowly men
As high as kings, and made them brothers.

With his dear ghost we'll linger long,
Beside the hearthstone's glowing embers,
To dream of Robin and his song,
The songs that all the world remembers;
We'll wander o'er the bonnie braes,
With warlocks and the dancing fairy,
And linger by the winding ways
Of Doon, to think of Highland Mary.

Dust are the heroes of the sword,
Forgotten as the wars of Flanders,
With all the suns and rains that poured
On slaughtered hosts and dead commanders.
What names they won who now will care?
Time's mists enfold them and their story,
While from the hallowed fields of Ayr
One plowman stands in deathless glory.

Let Time forget whoe'er it may,
Its warrior sons, their deeds of wonder,
But he who woke the minstrel's lay
In memory lives that e'er grows fonder.
O songs that made the sad heart light,
That cheered the wavering soul and lowly,
That set the wrongs of centuries right,
And save the name of manhood holy!

THE OLD REGIMENT

Long ago, on a summer's day,
Over the hills they marched away—
Kinfolk, friends, and the boys we knew
In childhood's blossoms and fields of dew,
Changed in that hour to full-grown men,
When the song of the bugle rang down the glen
With its wild appeal and its throb and thrall
And they answered "Yea" to their country's call.

Then in the furrow the plowshare slept,
O'er wheel and anvil a silence crept;
All night long through the village street
Thundered the rhythm of marching feet,
With clash of steel and the saber's clang
And the gray commander's stern harangue,
Till morning broke, and they marched away,
Long ago, on a summer's day.

We watched them go, with their guns agleam,
Down past the mill and the winding stream,
Across the meadows with clover deep,
By the old stone wall where the roses creep.
We watched them go till they climbed the hill,
And they faced about, as the drums grew still,
And they waved their caps to the vale below
With its breaking hearts that loved them so.

Forth they leaped to the surging fray,
Shoulder to shoulder in brave array;
Their strong souls steeled to their lips' light song,
And their ranks of blue were a thousand strong.
Bright were their banners, and bright each sword,
When the peals of the cannon upon them roared.
Their brave eyes still to the foeman turned
Where the sweep of the battle flamed and burned.

Onward still through the seething hell
Of war's dread slaughter they fought and fell;
Forward still through the blinding gloom
Of reeking carnage and death and doom;
Binding their wounds in the moan-filled night,
After the stress of the day's fierce fight,
When tears were wept for the silent slain
In the hurried graves of the red field lain.

Save for the maimed and the shattered few
They come no more to the vale they knew
In the old dear days of their childhood's dreams;
But far away, by the alien streams,
On the scenes of their struggles their still hearts sleep,
Lying unnamed in the trenches deep,
Where the foe at Antietam stormed the lines
And the bloodstained bayonets at Seven Pines.

They wake no more to the battle's noise—
Kinfolk, friends, and the neighbors' boys;
But oft, when the starlight fills the glen,
In phantom marches they come again,
And over the walls where the roses creep,
And the dew-kissed meadows with clover deep,
I see them still as they marched away
Long ago, on a summer's day.

AS YOU JOURNEY ON

Waiting for the Spring through the winter's clouds of gray,
Fretting through the night for the coming of the day,
Praying mid the battle for the peace that is to be,
Watching on the shore for the ships to come from sea,
Looking for tomorrow and the joy that's far away,
When all the things we long for are at our feet today.

For the heart makes its own summer, whether skies be blue or no,
And there's glory in the doing that will set the soul aglow;
There's music on the shore, though the ship may never fare
To the harbor where you wait with your weeping and your care;
So join in the song and the laughter and the strife,
And, as you journey on, make the best you can of life.

THE COSSACKS OF THE DON

The bugle rings, his steed he strides,
The battle calls him on,
And forth to meet its shock he rides—
The Cossack of the Don.
The fierce, red Tartar blood that flows
Down from unconquered sires,
Wakes, with the joy his wild heart knows,
When blaze war's flaming fires.

God help the foe that meets them when
The Cossacks ride to war;
The strong, swift, bearded, fighting-men
Whose friends the gray wolves are;
Who make their coverlets the snows
When they lie down to sleep,
Who faster ride than wind that blows
When they their saddles leap.

No man has seen the Cossacks' sword
Turn downward in the fight,
In vain have tides of battles poured
Against them in their might;
The hoof-beats of their steeds are known,
With all their wandering clan,
From bleak Siberian highways down
To sun-kissed Astrakhan.

When sits the White Czar on his throne
Within his guarded gate,
Brooding, with brow of gloom, alone,
Upon his Empire's fate,
He knows, through every vague alarm,
While ships and men fight on,
He still may trust his strong right arm—
The Cossacks of the Don.

THE PORT O' HEART'S DESIRE

Down around the quay they lie, the ships that sail to sea,
On shore the brown-cheeked sailor-men, they pass the jest with me,
But soon their ships will sail away with winds that never tire,
And there's one that will be sailing to the Port o' Heart's Desire.

The Port o' Heart's Desire, and it's oh, that port for me,
And that's the ship that I love best of all that sail the sea;
Its hold is filled with memories, its prow it points away
To the Port o' Heart's Desire, where I roamed a boy at play.

Ships that sail for gold there be, and ships that sail for fame,
And some were filled with jewels bright when from Cathay they came,
But give me still yon white sail in the sunset's mystic fire,
That the running tides will carry to the Port o' Heart's Desire.

It's you may have the gold and fame, and all the jewels, too,
And all the ships, if they were mine, I'd gladly give to you,
I'd give them all right gladly, with their gold and fame entire,
If you would set me down within the Port o' Heart's Desire.

Oh, speed you, white-winged ship of mine, oh, speed you to the sea,
Some other day, some other tide, come back again for me—
Come back with all the memories, the joys and e'en the pain,
And take me to the golden hills of boyhood once again.



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